

Limericks For The Main Line

Or The Art Of Social Descending Made Easy

VOL. I, No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1973

L
M
L

J. Beauregard Pepys, Esq.

TO
My Great, Great-Grandfather,
Sub-Lieutenant Sir Reginald Snipeington Twerp,
M.C., M.O.C., M.P., V.D. (with Bar and Palm), S.N.A.F.U.,
a great Horseman, Wencher and Bon-Vivant,
who squandered the last of the
family fortune a hundred years ago,
this slim volume is most fondly
undedicated.

(And to my wife, who would dearly love to
know how I got some of my material.)

THE Main Line is in Pennsylvania,
It's more of a State of Mania,
Where you spend all your Life,
With the Right Horsey Wife,
And wish'd you were in Transylvania!

CADWALLADERS, Biddles and Chews
Know not Kellys, or other such "News".
For they scarce deign to Nod,
To Lodge, Cabot *or* God,
And just purchase their Gas from the Pews.

PHILADELPHIA Society, I fear,
Makes some Old Europeans to Sneer,
But we care No Iota,
Since the Almanac Gotha,
Boasts no good Chicken Soup nor Root Beer.

THE Spectre of Red Revolution,
Is no Threat to Our Grand Institution,
For when you have Devon,
And an Anglican Heaven,
You're Quite Safe from such Social Pollution.

RUTH Seltzer's fortuitous Pen,
Has made Peacocks of many a Hen,
But in Social Endeavor
The Cachet of X. Dever,
Is more prized by The Girls than by Men.

THE Quakers, as George Fox would Tell,
Are foes of Strong Drink, War and Hell,
And some did what they Could,
To promote Godly Good,
Though their Forté on Earth's Doing Well.

OUR Operas, Lyric and Grand,
Import Stars who perform Far from Bland,
But the Faction and Strife,
Twixt each Half-Funded Fief,
Makes the Chorus sound Stuffed Up with Sand.

PHILADELPHIA'S Penultimate Joy,
Is the Annual Debut of Savoy,
Just a pale Operetta,
With ne'er Vice nor Vendetta,
Sans Sacco-Vanzetti—Pure Goy.

A Researcher of Lineage and Names,
Made a Fortune in Blackmailing Games,
By Suppressing the Proof,
Of Dark Warp in the Woof,
Of some Dams' of Colonial Dames.

A Suitor of Substance named Miles,
Amassed the most Detail-ed Files,
On the Relative Health,
Of each Daddy-O's Wealth,
In the Dilatory Domiciles.

I N Philly, Architecture is King,
Boasting Works by Furness, Kahn and Kling,
But whomever played God,
To the Sheraton Facade,
Was, as Onan, Fond Doing His Thing.

A Buxomy Berwynite Moll,
Liked to Copulate Copious All,
And at each Grand Cotillion,
Played the Orgy Postilion,
'Til they dubbed her Miss Charity Ball.

A Virgin from Cynwyd named Kate,
Looked on Marriage with consummate Hate,
But one night in a Car,
Went a smidgin Too Far,
And set up yet another June Fête.

THERE once was a Bachelor Benedict,
Who was raised in a family too Straight n' Strict,
He ne'er smoked a Joint,
Nor developed his Point,
And married a Maiden he Neverstict.

THE Salubrious Airs of Cape May,
Beckon all to Come Gambol and Play,
For the Setting is Smart,
Be One Youth or Old Tart,
Whether Straight, AC-DC or Gay.

A Switch-Bitch from New Hope, I Trove,
Said, "In Philly, I fit like a Glove,
"For a Spate of Gay Boys,
"Is just One of the Joys,
"Of the City, of Brotherly Love."

THE Devon Horse Show comes Replete,
With the Crème of the Horsey Elite,
And a Strict Competition,
For Blue-Blooded Condition,
Though they daren't let the Horses Compete.

THERE was an Equestrienne named Baddle,
Whom the Strangest Perversions couldn't Addle,
She collected her Kinks,
From Grooms, Chauffeurs and Chinks,
Bestraddle, Side-Saddle or Paddle.

THE Practice of Haute Sociality,
Has made Breeding a Sacred Formality,
Though choosing the Best,
From the Breeder's Digést,
Can be Two-Legged Beastiality.

THE First Troop in Song and Fable,
Has a History in Combat most Able,
They can Serve Up a Show,
Or Defeat any Foe,
By Drinking them Under the Table.

A First City Trooper of Might,
Gave his Comrades 'a Legend One Night,
While Lost in the Gorse,
He Ravished his Horse,
And cried out, "Good God, Sir, she's Tight!".

A Dashing Young Horseman named Broom,
Had an Equestrienne up to his Room,
And to their Delight,
Spent the Whole Bloody Night,
Talking When, out of Which and by Whom.

A Gentleman Farmer quiet bright,
Was proud of his Corn, Pearly White,
With a Curious Yield,
In the Midst of the Field,
That could get you as High as a Kite.

THE Right Name and Pop's Sizeable Wad,
Can work Wonders on U. of P.'s Quad,
They can turn Common Clay,
Into Lawyers who Play,
Like to Boggle the Best Bunko Squad.

NOW, Vegetables are grown to be Eaten,
And Wheat Sheaves are reaped to be Beaten,
But Penn's Study of Botany,
Is Lodged in Monotony,
In an Edifice Modern Kahn-Cretin.

A Savour of "Jus Arboréal,"
When cursed by Malaise Perineal,
Said, "I'll die Full Content,
"If my Liver is Rent,
"By a Last Draught of Wine Athenéal."

SOUTH Philly is Outside the Pale,
Full of Gangsters who wind up in Jail,
But then, those Born to Hack It,
Be they Racket or Raquet,
Know Great Wealth is but Theft on Grand Scale.

A Skulduggering Oarsman of Late,
Found Financing his Downfalling Fate,
He tried to Befool,
An S. E. C. Rule,
And Went Up the Schuylkill in State.

A Randy Wild Jumper most blunt,
Made his Mark at his first Radnor Hunt,
By ignoring the Thrall,
Of the Houndsmaster's Call,
And Leading his Fellows to

THE Young Ladies at Agnes's School,
Used to Major in Poesy and Crewel,
But then came the Pill,
And the Age of Free Will,
Now the Favorite Pastime is Screwall.

ASSIGNED to a College named Harcum,
Was a Don who 'delighted to Spark'em
And he said, wreathed in Smiles,
"I would drive Many Miles,
"Just to Parcum, Debarkum n' Farcum."

A Chestnut Hill Kitten, Mayhap,
Found Staid Devon's rules no Handicap,
A One-Woman Battalion,
She rode in 'stride her Stallion,
And Performed in the Buff with her "App".

A St. Martin's buck wanting Layed,
Had a Backstair Affair with a Maid,
The Fruit of their Deed,
And his Blue-Blooded Seed,
Was Half Union, Half League and All Spade.

SOCIETY'S Ladder is Steep,
And to its Dictates one must Keep,
And the Primary Rule,
Is ne'er Golden nor Cruel,
But with whom one should Marry—not Sleep.

AN Eagleville Heir Presumptive,
Had a Yen for a Puritan Conjunctive,
So he took off his Rod,
To the Land of the Cod,
And got Scrod—in Pluperfect Subjunctive.

A Brainy Swarthmorian She.
Went to work for an Airline to See,
If the Men of her Ilk,
Would spurn Coffee or Milk,
And Go for TWA Tea.

Atransplanted New Yorker mocker,
Was most Proud of her Blood Knickerbocker,
Though it was so Elite,
She was Formed Incomplete,
With One Centrally-Located Knocker.

THERE was a Young Lass from Rose Tree,
Whose True Loves were Midshipmen Three,
To Settle her Quandry,
She took down her Laundry,
And Bravely Put Out to See.

ACLIMBER from Wynnefield Forsooth,
Was not blest with the least Shred of Ruth,
He'd do any Thing,
Fawn, Clamber or Cling,
To acquire lots of Chick, Swayve and Couthe.

A Republican Nabob from Bala,
Threw an Old Time Political Gala,
With a Booodle of Gin,
For a Big Nixon Win,
And a Lone Write-In Vote for Fala.

THERE was a Wild Wench from Narbérth,
Who, of Cool, had a Notable Dearth,
Neither Rhythm or Pill,
Nor the Least Shard of Will,
Stayéd the Title of Old Mother Earth.

A Sports Type from Merion named Ricket,
Had a fancy for Tennis and Cricket,
And with no Inhibition,
Offered Gratis Admission,
To each Jock who would Punch Her Ticket.

A Salty Old Sea Dog named Dabs,
Was the Joy of the Navy Docs' Labs,
He shunned the Pitfalls,
Of V.D. and Blue Balls,
But in Wynnewood, fell Victim to Crabs.

A Maid from Penn Valley, no Slouch,
Spends her Family's Funds on The Couch,
Though her Morals Victorian,
And her Hymen Praetorian,
Could be cured with a Push and an "Ouch!".

THERE was a Pure Prude from Gladwýne,
Who abjured the True Pleasures of Sin,
So, she put Moral Locks,
On her Lips, Arse and Box,
And Drowned her Frustrations in Gin.

IN Haverford, Boys favor Rugger,
And Punditions by Henry Commágger,
But into the Night,
Take True English Delight,
In the Public School Sport Known as

A Garden Club Type from Ardmore,
Was, at Socials, a Proper Nice Bore,
But in each Main Line Joint,
From Great Gats to Main Point,
Had a Second Career as a Whore.

A Horny Black Internist bucker
Got a name as a bit of a Mucker,
He Wielded his Sword,
In the Maternity Ward,
And now, he's a Big !

A Lusty Brae Laddie from Skye,
Met a Rosemont Girl off in the Rye,
And In to the Hilt,
Went the Lilt in his Kilt,
Not the Lilt in his Voice nor his Eye.

A Matron from Ithan named Maude,
Eschewed all Pretentions and Fraud,
She played the Hot Hen,
To each Franklinesque Ben,
Like a True 'Lizabethan Bawd.

A Nouveau Villanovan's Deeds,
Filled his home with Art, Antiques and Tweeds,
But as Bees go to Honey,
He blew all his Money,
On Baubles, Bright Bangles and Beads.

A Parson from Radnor of Pluck,
Vowed-with Satan-he'd never have Truck,
But he relished the Curls,
Of Pubescent Choir Girls,
And clandestinely Changed His Luck.

A Jaded Old Toper of Class,
Had a Thing for the Rubenesque Ass,
And to his Delight,
In Strafford, One Night,
Disappeared in a Yawning Crevasse.

A Wayne Financier named Dingus,
Sought control of famed Irish Aer Lingus,
To Contrive to Entwine,
With Cunard Leonine,
And name the new splice CunAerLingus.

A St. David's Deb named Ora Lee,
Flaunted her Charms most Immorally,
Until her Obstetrician,
Said, "My Dear, your Condition,"
"Stems from taking The Pill Non-orally."

A Sweet Thing from Valley Forge,
Had the Hugest and Horniest Gorge,
And whene'er she was Able,
Snuck into the Stable,
And Rodgered the Horses, by George!

A Gullible Gal from Paoli,
Fell in love with an Imported Phoney,
She swallowed his Story,
Of noble-born Glory,
And his fast, custom-crafted Ronzoni.

A Great Valley Nymphet named Amity,
Gave her All in the Thrall of her Vanity,
Until her Condition,
Proved some Dental Technician,
Had been filling just One Aching Cavity.

AN ardent young Priest Enamoratta,
Stole into chaste Immaculatta,
He pierced the Anterior,
Of a Co-Ed Inferior,
And tickled some Novices' Clitoratta.

A Blue Blood of Red-Blooded Tide,
Pulled a Switch on The Line's Ancient Pride
By choosing for Life,
A Zoftick, hot wife,
With a proper blonde WASP on the Side.